

The New East Lynne

By Clara Morris

Author of "Stage Life," "A Pasteboard Crown," and others.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Philip Keith, a clever, selfish young New York doctor, married Daphne Cuyler, a good beauty. Other members of the household are Philip's grandfather, eccentric old Prof. Keith, and his ward, Olive May. Olive secretly loves Philip. Daphne guesses this, and also knows that other women are trying to carry on love affairs with Philip. This knowledge makes Daphne miserable, as does the fact that Philip now seems to take her beauty for granted and to seek her society less than of old. Stanley Belden, a disolute multi-millionaire, loves Daphne, but since her marriage has kept away from her. Daphne and Philip have two children—a three-year-old daughter, Daphne May, and a baby son. Belden returns and renews his attentions to Daphne. Belden arranges that Daphne shall be a chambermaid in a house-keeper's position. Philip to another woman. Daphne is horrified at the revelation. Belden, calling one morning, finds her in this wretched mood.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued.)

Belden's Plot.

BEIDEN, watching Daphne's weary face, noted the shadows beneath her lovely eyes, and a spasm of anger contracted his dark features. "Life is growing too hard for her," he thought. Then, speaking lightly enough, he remarked: "I do not like that great bird's emerald-green for you is she not treacherous?" "No," answered Daphne absently. "No, not treacherous. Revengeful, perhaps, on provocation. She so detests Olive for throwing water at her that she might bite if she found a chance." But the brief memory for people long absent is quite wonderful, and her patient endurance of the children's rough handling is beyond all praise. No, I should not like to suspect our Scissors of treachery."

Another silence followed, while he revelled in her beauty, from the waving ringlets of her hair and classic brows, whose flowing lines passed softly from one unconscious pose into another of more moving beauty. To the very core of his heart he was thrillingly conscious of the touch of her trailing skirts across his foot. Blase, burnt-out, dead to the rest of the world, every fibre of his body thrilled into life at this woman's approach. These almost daily meetings and greetings were such rapture to him that, with an intellectual sensuality, he often asked himself if actual possession could increase his joy. Again he spoke: "You seem preoccupied—disturbed. Mr. Keith. You have received annoying news, perhaps?" "Annoying?" she repeated wearily. "Annoying? Yes, I have received hideous information by letter?" "Not anonymously, I hope?" he suggested innocently.

"No, not entirely. The letter was a signed one, but the despicable sender of it is anonymous." Belden's eyes sought the floor; a dark red burn in his face a moment. Then he reached and raised a newspaper that had slipped from the sofa, and as he folded it his own name came uppermost—

The Spendthrift's Feast.

"Stanley Belden—the modern Lucullus!—repeats in New York the madly extravagant suppers he made Paris, Cairo and London. (amateurs with the great Roman feasts look economical and provincial. Fruits of all seasons, from all quarters of the globe, meet in baskets of silver and gold. Tropical pineapples circled with fruits from Oregon and California, cheek by jowl with apples from Australia, peaches from Africa, and glass-grown nectarines and strawberries. Several prominent artists came to dine, and came after the appearance and dance and singing after the turn of the theatre. Decorations magnificent and original. Centre of table turned into a lake where night-blooming nymphs unfold before eyes of guests," &c.

Daphne's eyes had caught sight of the glaring letters, and with an edge of scorn in her voice she asked "Why do you do that?" "Why do I give the suppers? Well, certainly not for this," contemptuously tossing the paper to the sofa. "Besides, all this is gross exaggeration. My suppers have become famous because I command the services of the best chef Paris has produced in fifteen years, and I give them because—his dark face took on a look of unutterable weariness—"because I am fighting that most intolerable ennui—loneliness."

The black-lashed, blue eyes filled with slow wonder. "You—you, who have so much to keep you occupied and amused?"

"You are pleased to mock me," he said, sharply, both pain and resentment in his voice. "At these gay suppers all profit save the giver of the feast. The chair at my side is ever empty. Oh, believe me, Mrs. Keith, pain and I are well acquainted."

"Better that," she said, bitterly, "than be void of all feeling! I am coming to be like a stagnant pool. Water that moves is clear and clean and wholesome. But when it is motionless it becomes first flat, then dead then noxious, and finally a menace. But you," she added with a quick change to lightness of manner, "you have but to beckon and your chair will find an occupant."

"He Is So Fond of Her!"

"Never—until you fill it, most beautifully!" He answered swiftly, then lifted quick, inquiring eyes, for some one was descending the stairs, one step at a time, and presently Daphne-May appeared. She paused to shake hands with Belden, and Scissors, seizing the hem of the child's dress, began to clamour up to her arms.

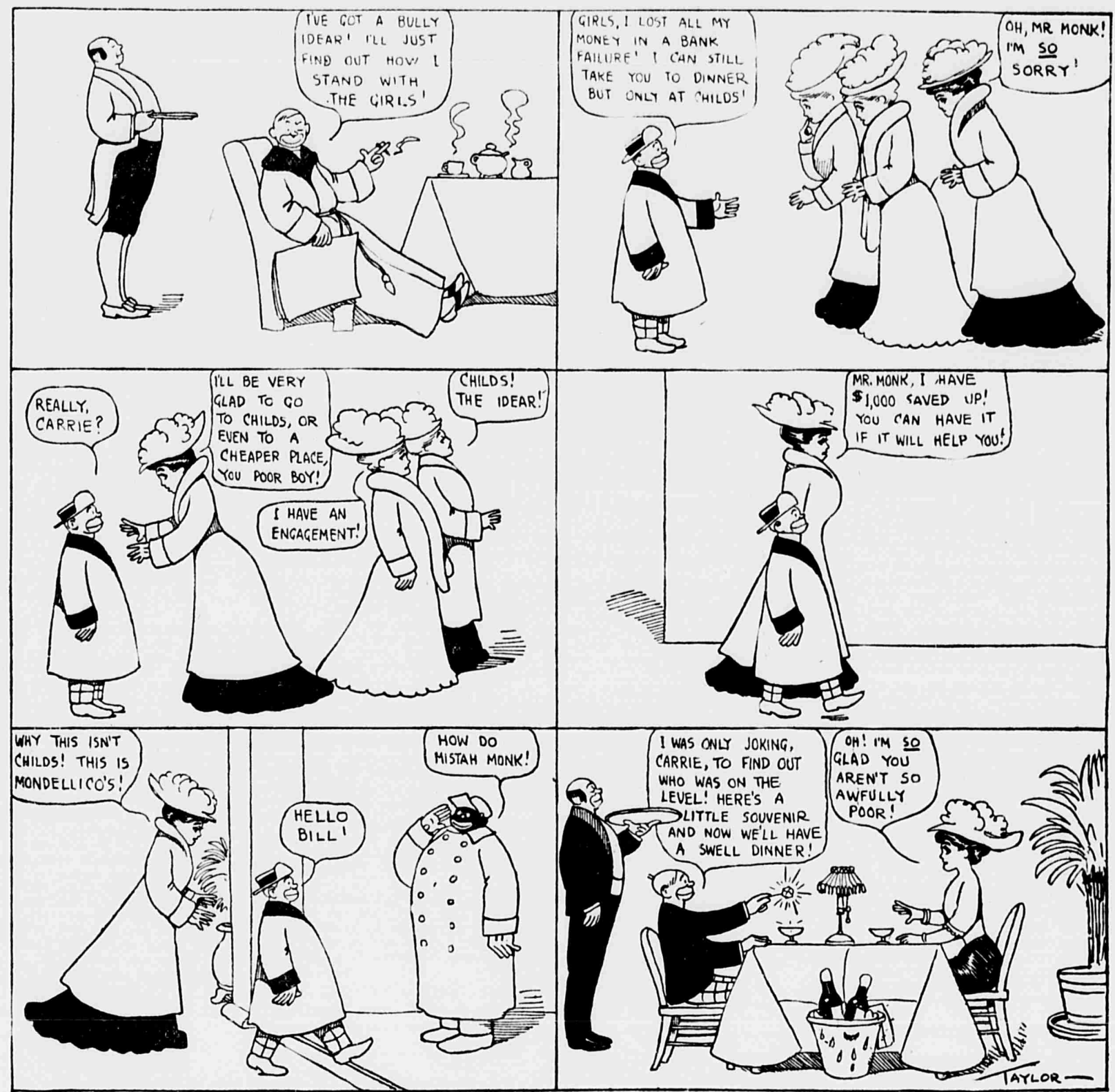
"Why are you down stairs, dear?" asked Mrs. Keith.

"I'm going to find great-dad in the library."

Daphne, with a shiver and a laugh,

The Million-Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

Make Up the Quarrel.

Dear Betty:
AM nineteen and greatly in love with a young man my senior. About a year and a half ago I had a little quarrel with him and have not spoken to him since, though I was the cause of the quarrel. Do you think it advisable to write to him now and ask him to forgive me, or do you think he may have some other girl? I should like to make up with him very much.
HEARTBROKEN, Brooklyn.

Beauty Not Necessary.

Dear Betty:
AM in love with a young lady who is very homely. All my friends poke fun at me because she is so. Would you advise me to heed their remarks and search for a girl with more beauty?
T. L.

Physical beauty has little to do with love. If the girl possesses lovable charms, you should pay no attention to the remarks of your friends, which are

A Valentine Party.

Dear Betty:
WHAT is proper to serve for a St. Valentine's party? What games would be appropriate for the evening, the girls' and boys' ages being from nineteen to twenty-two years?
P. D. Q.

The Girl Too Young.

Dear Betty:
AM twenty-four and have a young lady friend sixteen years of age. She loves me dearly. Both of our

parents approve of our proposed marriage. I earn \$18 a week and she is attending school. Do you think it would be advisable to become man and wife?
B. S.

She Dislikes Him.

Dear Betty:
AM sixteen. I recently became acquainted with a young man one year my senior, whom I dislike. Although I've given him many hints he still persists in calling. I have sufficient reason for disliking him. How shall I get rid of him?
S. A. L.

Don'ts for the Healthy.

DON'T eat when fatigued or overheated. Don't baste the body for at least an hour after eating. Don't eat an excess of sugar, sweets and starchy foods. Don't eat foods that disagree with you. Don't be gloomy at mealtime. Don't eat too much of highly seasoned food. Don't eat between meals habitually, and learn to eat fruit before breakfast.

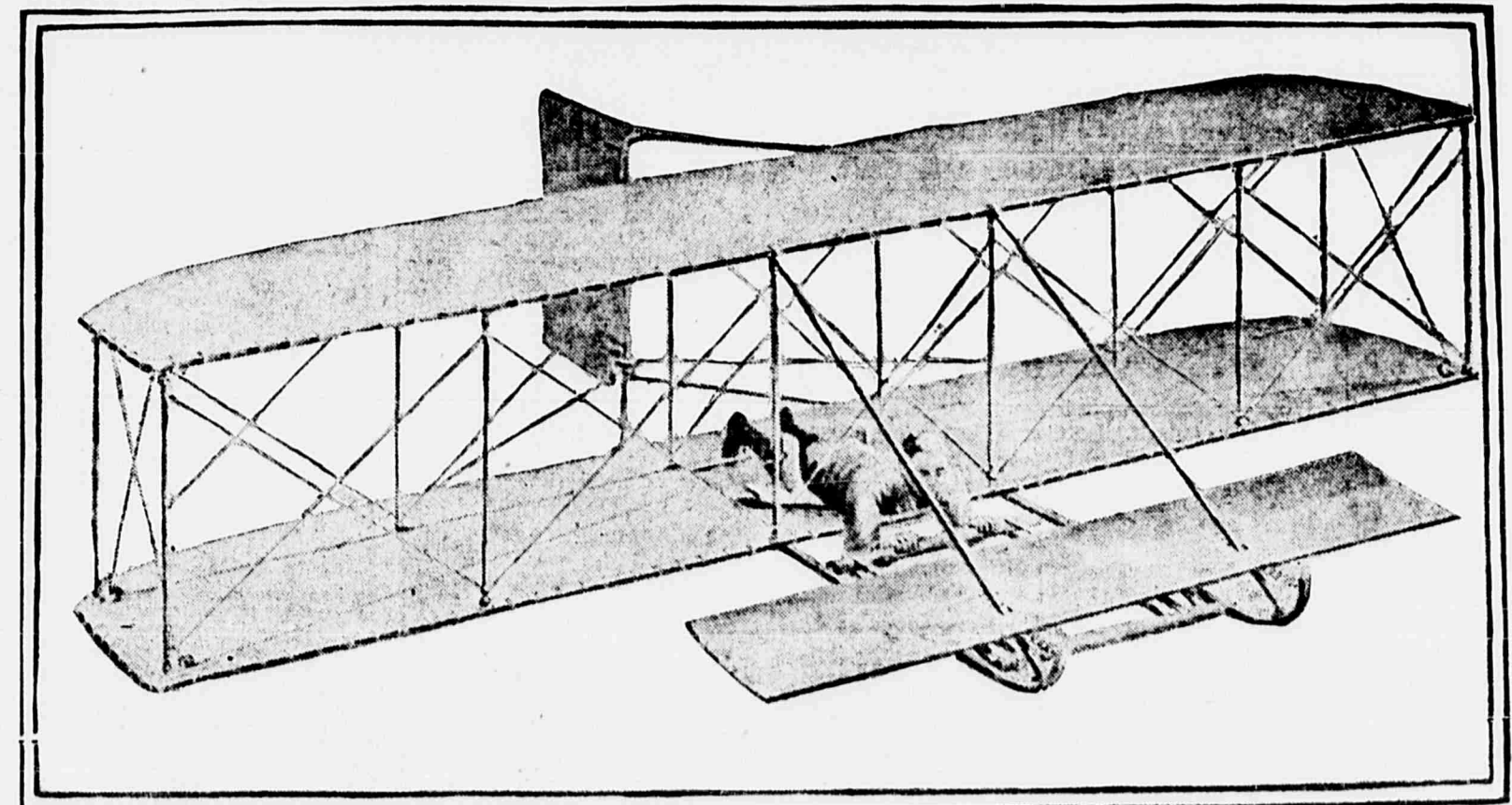
Her Sweetheart Objects.

Dear Betty:
AM eighteen and am keeping steady company with a young man three years my senior. He travels and wishes me to be loyal to him while absent. I have a friend who gives me theatre tickets. Is it proper to accept them? Mother does not think it is right. Please give me your advice, as my sweetheart does not want me to go out nights. C. D. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Two Men and a Girl.

Dear Betty:
HAVE two devoted lovers, and their love for me is equal to my love for them, but my parents dislike both. What shall I do?
U. D. A.

What One Aeroplane Operator Looks Like in Flight.

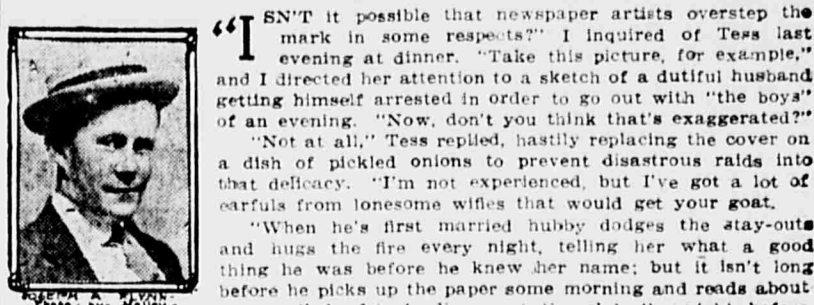


In some of the new flying machines the operator sits more or less comfortably able cradle and his hands grasping a roller which controls the vertical steering and in others he stands, but in the aeroplane which the brothers Orville and Wilbur Wright, Americans, have patented in England, the operator lies flat joints and they move together, the necessary motion being imparted by his stomach and has the whole earth in constant survey while he flies. The hips of the operator, who gently tilts it from side to side, or a motor can be

Boarding House Fables.

Married Men Have the Nature Fakers Put to Sleep When It Comes to Making Excuses.

By Joseph A. Flynn.



"I S'NT it possible that newspaper artists overstep the mark in some respects?" I inquired of Tess last evening at dinner. "Take this picture, for example," and I directed her attention to a sketch of a dutiful husband getting himself arrested in order to go out with "the boys" of an evening. "Now, don't you think that's exaggerated?" "Not at all," Tess replied, hastily replacing the cover on a dish of pickled onions to prevent disastrous raids into that delicacy. "I'm not experienced, but I've got a lot of carfuls from lonesome wives that would get your goat."

"When he's first married hubby dodges the stay-outs and hugs the fire every night, telling her what a good thing he was before he knew her name; but it isn't long before he picks up the paper some morning and reads about the swell beefsteak dinner at the club the night before, and he gets interested. When he sees the flashlight taken on the spot and the whole gang up in the front row all smiles he throws up the sponge."

"Married men have got all the nature fakers asleep under the table when it comes to excuses, and some of them, like Whiskerino, never hand out the same thing twice."

"The first time it's the old con—a shave—and here's the way he slips it: 'Darling, in that pink wrapper you look as nice as a tooth powder ad. to-night, so I'll go out and cough up a contribution to the Barber Trust. The operation won't take long, but there might be a line, and I might have to wait, so don't watch the clock for me. In case you get tired, chain Fido to the stove and tumble into the hay.' She sits up half the night seeing nothing but trolley smashers, murders and suicides, with hubby in the middle of the picture, and when he lands home with the milk in the morning and hands out a three-bagger about finding a hungry gerry in the snow and taking him home to mother, she kisses him on both cheeks and falls asleep."

"Now, that's where poor Henrietta is caught. That's the main curve in her innocent married life, and if she don't hold on to her hat and be careful it's all off with her. If she swallows the hook it won't be long before he's appointed Head Broom and Doorkeeper of the X. Y. Z. Club, and he'll join six societies to have himself insured so she'll be left high and dry when he gets the fatal summons."

"Every week after that he gets six postals for meetings—all written by himself. Sunday he stays home and gets acquainted with the family."

"It's just his me to have some girl friend of wife's call with the news of all the latest amusements in the neighborhood, such as funerals and divorces, and when they start to dope out the pattern for a new waist that's his cue to make a crack about going out for a minute to buy a smoke, and all the time there's three perfectos sweetly dreaming in his vest pocket."

"When he goes does Henrietta loosen up her mind? I guess not. We're not built that way. Instead she says: 'You must pardon Jack for going out. He's the best husband in the world, and never leaves the stove. To tell the truth, I have to drive him out half the time, he's so attached to me, but he didn't want to be around now because he thought you might have some confidence to slip me.'"

"Do you see that young fellow over there at the foot of the table playing ping-pong with the potatoes? Well, he's got the best steer I ever heard of, and his poor wife falls to it with a happy smile. He holds down a high stool at the office all day, and is supposed to study chemistry at night, and, like a poor sailor, she kisses him good-by at 7 o'clock and tells him not to study too hard, but to hurry, or he'll be late."

"I don't see the drift of your remarks," I interposed, reaching for the prize mustard. "Don't you think he's telling the truth, or is this study of chemistry only an excuse to get out?"

"Oh, I don't doubt him for a minute," Tess replied, as a new boarder opposite critically examined his knife in search of the edge. "I'm not that kind, only Adrian says he's the best bowler in the city."

What a Good Play Must Have.

By Daniel Frohman.

"A PLAY should have continuous action all the way through. When I allude to action, I don't necessarily mean physical movement and pistol play," says Daniel Frohman in Harper's Weekly. "A successful play must contain continuous struggle and battle; the struggle of love with duty, to name the most frequent example. The characters may be sitting in their chairs, talking pleasantly together, and still fulfil this purpose. And the action must go forward by leaps and bounds, from one climax to another. The ideal play will have the fewest characters, but it will hold the attention so that you won't know whether there are six or sixty; and two persons upon the stage will hold the audience entranced, as in the Greek drama. Take the Greek characters, too, they will appear as puppets on a dark background of necessity, victims of the circumstances which they have helplessly brought into existence."

This Wonderful World.

REAPING began on a field of wheat at Blockley, in Worcestershire, at 9 o'clock in the morning, and was served as bread just sixty minutes after. The largest serpent ever measured was an anaconda, which Dr. Gardner found dead in Mexico. It was thirty-seven feet long, and it took two horses to drag it.

Mrs. Annetta E. McCrea, the first woman landscape architect in this country, is the official landscape architect for the St. Paul road, and consulting landscape architect for other Western roads.

Bank of England Notes.

WHEN a Bank of England note returns to the bank the cashier's signature is torn off. The detachment of signatures for a day often weighs twenty pounds. The notes are kept for five years, after which they are burned in a furnace. Every morning at 7 this fire is lighted. Each week 120,000 notes are consumed.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE dress that is worn over a separate guimpe is always a pretty one for the schoolgirls, and also is practical for the reason that the guimpe is quite easily renewed and that a fresh one always gives an effect of distinctness to the entire costume. This model is charming and new in many details, while it is adapted to a very long list of materials. In the illustration it is made of cashmere, with trimming of silk bands, and is worn over a lingerie guimpe, but it would be very pretty made from plaid taffeta, from velvet or any similar material, while it also is well adapted to all the washable materials that are being shown in such attractive form and already are being made up for the coming season.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (twelve years) is 5-8 yards 24 or 25, 4-5-8 yards 26, 4-1-4 yards 27, with 4 yards of wide and 1-3-4 yards of narrow banding. Pattern No. 5901 is cut in sizes for girls of eight, ten, twelve and fourteen years of age.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and also